

Now boards the plane to America
Land of the Free, Home of the Brave.

Oh, Mr. Baldwin, with your incredible talent did I
have to endure all that to learn that life is not
all black or all white?

Don't you see? I knew. I knew.

— June Canino

Highland, New York

Mr. Nowhere Goes

After the smash and grab
the whimper of a mourning child
carries over the smoky hole
its father made.
The blinded eyes cannot see;
the child only smells
the mangled mess
of hair, bone and brick
all ghastly bloody —
torn from owners
by their own hands —
all ghastly bloody.
Jesus, God, how did all these imbeciles
get in here?
They sat on soft bottoms
complaining about the weather
and low intellect of neighbors —
laughing so loud at Mr. Nowhere
that they didn't even hear it coming.

— Veryl Blatt

Detroit, Michigan

Recommended from Interim Books, Box 35, Village
Station, New York 14, N.Y.: Search (William Wantling)
\$.50; An Essay On New American Fiction (Fielding Daw-
son) \$.75; Excusology Of The Ocean (Roberts Blossom)
\$1.00; A Poem And Drawing (Kirby Congdon) \$.50; The
Coming Of Chronos To The House Of Nightsong (Calvin
Hernton) \$1.00.